The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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For the Myrtle.

The Little Child's Three Whys.

Why have I wakened this morning,
Has God any work for my hands?
Or has he got workmen a plenty
For all of his beautiful lands?

There's father, and mother, and Willie,
And Robert, and Bessie, and Kate,
They're all of them working at something
From earliest morning till late.

But my little hands are so tiny,
And my little feet are so small,
I think, if God's looking, He's thinking
I cannot be useful at all.

But how do I know what He's thinking?
There may be some work to be done
That's only the size of my fingers
Some weight not too heavy for *one*.

I wonder, if I then could find it
If I was to look well about,
The others are always so busy
They'd willingly help me no doubt.

But why should I tarry to ask them
When each has a task of his own,
It may be a part of my duty
To seek it, and find it, alone.

For why were these little hands given,
These feet and these eyes all to me,
Unless 'twere intended by heaven,
That I should here work, walk and see.

Mrs. E. M. Bruce.

Little Outcasts.

But these others—children small,
Spilt like blots about the city,
Quay, and street, and palace wall—
Take them up into your pity.

Ragged children, with bare feet,
Whom the angels, in white raiment,
Know the names of, to repeat
When they come on you for payment,

Mrs. E. Browning.

For the Myrtle.

Pussy Cat Minnie.

PART I.

Minnie was a pussy cat of a very affectionate nature.

She loved her mistress wtth whom she had lived ever since she was born. She loved her master, but he was away from home most of the time, so that Minnie did not see him very often. She loved her young mistress best of all, for Annie was a beautiful girl, who had so sweet a disposition, that she made everybody love her.

To all these persons Minnie was very strongly attached, but, strange to say, she loved the house in which she lived, better than she did any of the people who lived in it.

Wasn't this very strange? To love a house bettter than she loved people? But this was just what Minnie did.

She used to lie out in the clover, partly asleep, and look with her eyes peeped open a little, at the great house, and think how fine it was, and what a fine thing it was for a cat to have such a grand old house as that to live in.

Well, her pride was doomed to be humbled, for one day, as she lay peeping thus at the house, she heard her mistress say,

"Annie, I am going to give you Minnie after you are married."

"Give Minnie to me?" said Annie in surprise. "I didn't know as you would part with Minnie, for any consideration."

"I wouldn't on any ordinary occasion, but you have loved Minnie as much as we have, and she will be a great deal of company for you when you get to your new home. I am afraid you will be very lonely, staying in a house alone day after day."

"Yes, I shall be lonely, and Minnie will be a great deal of company for me. It is very good of you to give her to me."

Minnie lay and listened to this conversation, and thought to herself, I wonder if I am not going to have anything to say about this. Is a cat to be taken away from her own home, and carried off to live in a new place, and *she* not allowed to say anything at all about it?

"We'll see," said pussy cat Minnie. "We'll see about that."

Not many days after Minnie overheard this conversation, there was a great party came to the house where she lived, and there was such a happy set of people there, as Minnie had never seen in all her life before.

They were all dressed beautifully, and it seemed to Minnie as if they were all trying to see which could be the happiest.

She heard them say that it was a wedding, and though she didn't know what that word meant at first, she soon found out, by watching the way things went, that this was the time that Annie was leaving home.

Pussy cat Minnie thought it was all very strange, that there should be so much rejoicing at a time when everything seemed to her so melancholy.

"What are these people all thinking?" said pussy cat Minnie. "They seem to be very happy. Even master and mistress are dressed up in their best, and rejoicing with the rest of these foolish people. I am not happy to have young Mistress Annie go away, and I don't see how her father and mother can be happy. Here is a poor cat sitting here with her eyes full of tears, while the people are dancing about, and making a great pretence of being merry."

Perhaps the prospect of Minnie's being moved away from her home, might have had something to do with her sorrow on Annie's wedding day.

But she was not moved on that day. Annie went away with her husband on a journey, and it was two or three weeks before they came back again.

Minnie thought that they might be gone to stay, and she began to hope that her old mistress had changed her mind about giving her away.

But one summer afternoon when the cars came, there was a great stir made again at the grand old house, and the bridal party came back to it.

Annie looked very pretty, and seemed very happy, and Minnie thought, Why can't she be satisfied now she has got a husband, not to covet a poor cat, and take her away to be miserable.

But Annie didn't know Minnie's thoughts, and she ran out into the yard, and caught her up in her arms, saying,

"Oh, my good dear old Minnie. You are going to live with me now."

Minnie winked her eyes in a very knowing way, as if she said,

"We shall see about that."

The next day Annie and her husband went away to their new home. When Minnie heard the preparations making for them to leave, she went away and hid herself in the barn, and pretty soon she heard Annie's voice calling,

"Kitty, kitty, kitty, puss, puss."

But she only snugged the closer down in the hay where she was hidden, and pretended not to hear the call.

Annie came out to the barn, still calling, "Puss, puss."

No answer from Minnie.

"Why, where have you gone to, pussy cat Minnie," said Annie. "I want to catch you, and carry you home with me."

"I know that very well," said Minnie, in her soft nook in the hay. "But it will be some time before you *will* catch me."."

Annie was obliged to go away that day without her.

Minnie heard the carriage when it was driven away, and then she ventured out and looked down the street after it.

Annie's mother was standing in the doorway with her eyes full of tears, looking after the carriage that had carried away her only daughter from the home-roof forever. When she turned to go into the house she saw Minnie, who had come to rub against her, and purr out her sympathy.

"Oh Minnie, where have you been?" said

she. "Annie hunted everywhere for you before she left."

Minnie still purred on, saying to herself,

"You are not telling me any news."

And so it was settled, for that time, that pussy cat Minnie was not to leave home.

The days went by rapidly, and though the house seemed lonely, without Annie's cheerful voice, it yet was always pleasant to Minnie, because she loved the place so very much.

It was only five miles to Annie's new home, and she came frequently to visit her mother. Each time that she came, she intended to take Minnie back with her. But Minnie had no intention of being taken. As soon as she heard the sound of the carriage wheels, she would run away and hide, and never come out again until after Annie was gone.

This went on for several weeks, until the family began to suspect that Minnie knew something about their plans.

One day Minnie was very sound asleep in the grass, and Annie came, without her awaking.

She stole up behind the poor pussy cat, very softly, and caught her up in her arms.

"Now I've got you," she said. "And you are going home with me this very day."

Minnie was sadly frightened, but there was no use to kick or scratch about it.

She thought of a better way than that to escape, but she kept her secret to herself.

Annie, after talking with her mother about it, decided to put Minnie into a bag, and carry her home in that way.

There were two reasons for this, she said. First, it would prevent pussy from jumping out of the carriage, and running away from them, and again it would prevent her from seeing the road so that she could know the way home again.

This plan they thought a very good one, and Annie and her mother tied poor Minnie into the bag, so tightly that she could not peep out at all.

Then they put her into the carriage, and Annie drove away home.

Once there, she untied the string of the bag, and let Minnie come out, and gave her some nice warm milk to drink, and treated her as well as she possibly could, to try and make her feel contented.

Minnie said nothing about her intentions. But the next morning when Minnie's mother opened her front door, there sat pussy cat Minnie on the door-step,

Mrs. E. M. Bruce.

Time to Look Out

Dear friend, could you lend me one of your loose sticks? My nest needs repairing, and I've no time to hunt for sticks this morning," said a magpie to her neighbor.

"By all means," said the neighbor; and the magpie, promising to return the next day, flew off with the stick.

"Could you not lend me another stick?" she said the next morning; "the wind has damaged me in the night. I am not safe, and I have so much work to do in repairing that I have no time to look for timber."

The neighbor looked dubious, but after a little hesitation lent another stick, which the magpie vehemently protested she would bring back with the other next morning.

"I am really ashamed to come!" she said the third morning; "but could you lend me another stick? Somehow I have got out of order at home, and what with one thing and another, I haven't time to look for timber."

"Take it," said the neighbor, in no satisfied tone, and directly after the magpie had flown off declaring louder than ever that she would repay all she owed, with interest, the very next day, the neighbor prepared to move to a far distant tree. "Its all very fine," she said; "a stick is a stick; but if I don't cut this connection, I shall soon have to go about begging sticks for myself."

The Best Book.

Here is a story I read the other day:

"Have you got the "Age of Reason?" inquired a man of a bookseller, many years ago.

Now, the "Age of Reason" is a book filled with foolish and wicked thoughts. Instead of the title it bears, it would be more truly named, "A Fool's Thoughts." So the bookseller, who wss a good man, started slightly, looked at the man curiously, and finely replied:

"No, sir; but I have the best book ever printed in Philadelphia. If you will promise to read it, I will lend it to you."

The man looked vexed; for, being an infidel, he hated that beautiful book. However, he pledged his word to read it, and took it home.

A few weeks passed, and the man entered the book store with a radiant face. He had read the "best beok" ever printed in Philadelphia, and it had changed him from a miserable, guilty infidel, into a forgiven, happy Christian.

For the Myrtle.

Little Children Love One Another.

"Will I give you a bite of my apple?"
Of course I will, Billy, and more.
I wish I had not eaten any,
I wish you had asked me before.

You are pale, and look sickly dear Billy;
I'm afraid you don't get enough food.
I wish I had roast beef to give you.
Or pudding, or something as good.

If you work all the day on the highway
You cannot be healthy and strong,
Unless you get plenty to nourish,
You will faint by the way-side ere long.

Come to me each morning, dear Billy,
My pennies come slowly—are few
But as long as I'm strong and you fainting,
I gladly will share them with you.

For the Myrtle.

The two Muses.

WHERE are Sam and the children, Mary? I am uneasy about them?"

"Oh they are all right, I wouldn't worry about them."

"But I am by no means sure that they are all right. They have been gone a very long time."

"Well I knew that they would be gone a long time. I told them that they need be in no hurry to return. The day is fine, and this sunshine will do them all good."

"Which way did they go, onto the hills, or down by the shore?"

"I didn't notice, I am sure. I am only too glad to get them out of the house in these bright days."

"Well, Mary, you are too careless about the children. I wonder that you can allow them to be for hours out from under your eye, and never question whether they are living or dead.

"What would be gained by my keeping in a perpetual worry, I know Susan to be a very careful nurse, and up to this time, their going and coming has always been in safety; and I have no reason to be alarmed now."

"Well, I feel alarmed Mary. Something tells me that all is not well with the children; and I must go and see."

Saying this, Mr. Preston took his hat, and went out hurriedly, leaving his wife so deeply interested in the book she was reading that she scarcely looked up from it to see that he went out of the room.

Mr. Preston walked hurriedly down toward the sea-shore. He felt sure that the nurse and children had gone in that direction, for his little boy Freddie, was so fond of playing with shells on the beach, that he always was pleased to go that way.

As he came in sight of the beach, and while he was yet a long way off from it, he saw people running toward the water.

He had taken his spy-glass with him, and putting it to his eye, he saw what you see dear children when you look at this picture. A beautiful Newfoundland dog, holding by the dress of his dear little boy, was dragging him out of the water.

The baby lay as helpless as if he had been dead, with one little hand against the dogs face and the other dragging on the sand.

Mr. Preston went by long leaps from the place where he was standing, to the place on the beach where the crowd of people were gathered. He hardly knew himself, how he got over the distance in so short a time, and yet while he was going, so great was his anxiety to reach his child, that it seemed a very long time.

"Is he dead?" was the first question that he asked, when he reached the man who was carrying the dear little fellow over the shortest way to the nearest doctor's office.

"No, we hope not," was the reply. "But there is no time to be lost."

Mr. Preston took the dear child in his fatherly arms, and ran with him as fast as his feet would carry him to the doctors office.

The crowd of people, men, women, and children, was very great that followed on, to see whether the drowned baby could be brought back to life. They filled the office so full that nothing could be done, and the doctor was obliged to put them all out but three or four who were to help him in restoring the child.

The doctor was very skilful, and with his careful treatment, the dear child soon opened his eyes and looked in his father's face.

Words cannot tell what a happy moment that was for all. Mr. Preston said, "If ever I thanked God in my life, I do at this moment."

This thanksgiving was shared by all present, for they all remembered that it is only God who can take or give us back our life, and they blessed Him that He had in this case been pleased to spare and not destroy.

You dear children will share in this thanksgiving, and be glad that my story ends thus.

But I know you would not be satisfied if I were to lay aside my pen without telling you what became of "Ponto" the faithful dog who had been the instrument used by God in saving the little child's life.

Mr. Preston bought him from his master and treats him with the greatest tenderness, which Ponto returns by his watch-care over the children. He followes them wherever they go, and is a second nurse to them. More useful in some respects than Susan, for she can only care for them on land, while the dog is equally useful in the water or on the shore.

My pa wants to know what I'm good for. Don't anybody know, 'thout its to whittle, when I get my new jack-knife. Spose my pa should sell me. I guess he'd be sorry before next morning. He'd wake up and say, "W-h-e-r-e-'s Frankie?" And there wouldn't anybody speak. Then he would go way off and look and look, and look, and by and by he'd find me, and say, "Cant live 'thout *you*, Frankie."

The Child's Prayer.

Is there room in Heaven, Father,
For a little child like me?
And will you take me in, Father,
Thy little one to be?

Please open the door a little, Father,
That I may just look in;
O, I'll not be naughty, Father,
If you'll *only* take me in.

And I'm so little, Father,
You'll scarcely know I'm there;
If Heaven is so full dear Father,
Let me stand on the golden stair.

When my mother died, dear Father,
They said she went to thee,
Can't you make room now, Father,
Just room enough for me?

It grows so dark, dear Father,
I'm afraid to be alone;
If you'll only let me come, Father,
I'll die without a groan.

The light is coming again, Father,
An angel! O mother! I see!
I'm glad there's room in Heaven,
For a little child like me.

Transcript.

"Be Courteous."

Not long since, while crossing the river to Jersey City, I noticed an old lady, neatly but plainly dressed, who was attended by a young gentlewoman. *That* she was, though her dress indicated one who could scarcely be in comfortable circumstances in life. The young woman carried a basket of considerable size, while the elder had a bundle and a cane. She was quite lame and walked slowly. The thought crossed my mind, as I glanced at them, "That woman is blessed with a kind and loving daughter or niece."

I passed from the boat in advance of them, and took my seat in a horse-car. Presently the couple came to the same car, and after seating comfortably the elder lady and disposing of her basket, the younger bade her a kind good-by and went away. The old lady's eyes were full, and her heart too. Turning to me, she said, "That's what I call Christian courtesy. That lady is an entire stranger to me, yet she has come all the way from the eighth avenue cars with me to carry my basket, and would not even let me pay her fare." I then recalled her quiet, happy expression. I believe I should know her again, here or hereafter; and I most strongly believe that if she lives to old age she will not be comfortless or cheerless.— *Christian Weekly.*

Our Sunday Schools.

MASSACHUSETTS.

— Two members, young men in their teens, were added to our church in Medford, Sunday the 4th. Both of these are members of our Sunday School as were all of the eleven admitted in July, So f.r, in the present pastor's experience, this Sunday School is the "nursery of the church;" and it is devoutly believed that others will be transplanted from the nursery into the garden of the Lord.

— The monthly concert of the West Amesbury Universalist Sunday School, was held in the church Sunday evening Sept. 28th. It was never more attractive and interesting. The attendance was unusually large. After the speaking which was excellent, the assembly was addressed by Mr. Frank Wiggins, principal of the High School, Mr. William Chase Superintendent of the Sunday School, Capt. W. Robinson of Salisbury Point, and by the pastor, the Rev. Dr. Corken, all of whom gave fitting words of congratulation and encouragement. These concerts are held on the last Sunday of every month, a source both of pleasure and profit to all.

— Which is the banner school in the State of Massachusetts? Can any of our little friends tell us? By banner we mean best in numbers, attention and conduct. The record of numbers can be easily given, and also the record of attendance. We must go to the record which the angels keep to know which is best in motive and endeavor.

— Not long since we were present at a Sunday School where a young lady was introduced to us, who had not been absent from Sunday School to which she belongs, for five years. Every Sunday through summer's heat and winter's cold—in storm and in sunshine she had been in her place and answered to her name. If there were as many in any Sunday School who could give a similar record, as it took righteous persons to save the city in the olden days, we would call it the Banner School of the State. Let us hear if there be such an one.

MAINE.

— Last Sunday was Memorial Sunday in Auburn. The church was most beautifully decorated with wreaths, crosses, etc., made of flowers and autumn leaves. The congregation was very large. The communion service was held in the afternoon, and in the evening a Sunday School concert was held, which was arranged largely in accordance with the spirit of the day. Altogether the day was one of great interest with the parish in Auburn.

CONNECTICUT.

— The Sunday Schoo of Rev. Mr. Skinner's church, Hartford, A. R. Heath, Superintendent, held a re-union Wednesday evening September 23d. The large vestry room was completely filled by present and past members of the school, and their friends. The exercises consisted of a welcome by the pastor, singing, and select readings. Then an hour of social intercourse. It was a very enjoyable occasion.

OHIO.

— This is a very excellent arrangement of the Ohio Sunday School Convention. Each Sunday School in the State is entitled to send two delegates. This insures each school a representation. However small a school may be, if there is no more than one teacher and two scholars they can send two delegates. But there is another arrangement which enables the larger schools to have power in proportion to their numbers. Each school may send one additional delegate for each fifty scholars beyond the first hundred. By this arrangement the schools are induced to increase their members that they may get the privilege of sending more delegates to the convention.

Main Sunday School Convention.

First Day — Wednesday.

The Maine Universalist Sunday School Convention was opened Wednesday, Sept. 30th, in Bath. A discussion on the question: *Resolved*, that the Uniform Lesson Syste is a success, was had which Rev. J. C. Snow and G. W. Bicknell very ably led.

At 2 P. M., an address on "Good Superintendents and Teachers," by Rev. W. R. French, and remarks by several connected with the denomination upon Sunday School matters. In the evening various snbjects were considered relating to the Sunday School interest.

Second Day—Thursday.

10 A. M. An excellent essay by Rev. W. E. Gibbs of Portland, "Shall Doctrine be taught in the Sunday Schools," was given in a complete and able manner, and by a vote of the convention a request was made for its publication.

Thursday Afternoon.

Rev. W. R. French read an excellent essay on "Good Superintendents and Teachers." After which Rev. A. Bosserman said he would confine his remarks to "good teachers." The good teacher is one who labors faithfully and intelligently to improve the minds and hearts of those committed to his care. He is one who succeeds in making the scholars good, and he went on to show how this was to be done. The good teacher is one who seeks to prepare his class for the problems and difficulties of life. The teacher must be good and strive to be better. He must be full of good thoughts, and his heart must be filled with good feelings. The good teacher has large faith in God, and always lives near him in spiritual fellowship. He causes his scholars to have alike faith and spirit. He loves his scholars, thus winning them to himself and to Christ. He teaches them to love not fear God. A little child was once in great agony of soul, but when the preacher spoke kindly to her and said, "Why, God loves you" her tear-washed face brightened with joy. Another child said to her dying mother, "Mother, who will take care of me when you are dead?" "God, my child." "Is God as good as you are mother?" Yes, and infinitely better my child." "Then I will trust him and love him," was the reply. He thought the good teacher would impress this fact of the goodness and watchful love of God.

The session has been one of unusual interest to the denomination.

Universalist Sunday School Union.

An interesting Conference of the Union was held at Boston Highlands on the afternoon and evening of September 30. The afternoon essay was given by Thomas H. Armstrong of Mathuen. Subject, "Is the study and recitation of a prescribed lesson the best method of religious education?

The evening essay was given by Rve. S. M. Atwood of North Cambridge, subject of which was, "The Root of the Difficulty." Both essays were good, and the discussion which followed them, hopeful.

The Mind of Christ.

MARK ix, 33–41.

Your lesson to-day is a very important one for children to learn.

Christ — after he had healed that sick child, of which you have already learned, went away with his disciples to Capernaum. Now this city was on the sea-shore. It was the place where Jesus lived. He must have been very glad to get back to his own city, after he had been wandering for so long a time about the country, and doing so many wonderful works. He was weary no doubt, and would have been glad to rest. But there were always so many good deeds that he wished to do, so many good works that he wished to speak, that he had no time to sit down and rest when he arrived at home.

At this time there were some men with him who had been disputing. They did not know, when they were doing this, that Christ had been listening to their foolish words. But the Saviour was always attentive to all that was going on around him.

He had heard these men as they walked along, disputing in this way. One had said:

"I have left all that I had, to follow this Saviour, and now I am going to be the greatest of anybody in his kingdom."

Another had replied: "You don't deserve to be greatest, any more than I do. I left all that I had, as well as you."

And yet another said: "You are neither of you as well fitted for a high place as I am. I shall ask Jesus if he will not give me the highest seat."

Now when they came to their stopping place, Christ said to them: "What were you disputing about, as we came along the way?

The disciples hung their heads, and said nothing. They were quite ashamed to tell him what they had been saying. Jesus saw how they hesitated, and he said, "Come and sit down here with me, I have something to say to you. You have been disputing about which should be greatest. Now there is a way to be great in my kingdom, that you have not thought of. You must not try to push yourself up to the first place. But you must be content with the lowest places. You must be willing to help everybody that wishes, or needs your help. You must take servants' places, and do the very most menial services. In this way you will get into the highest places that there are in all my kingdom."

Now there was near to Jesus while He was talking, a little child. Little children were fond of going to be near Christ, and looking in his beautiful face while he was teaching. This little child was very near to him on this day, and Christ stooped down and took the little child up in his arms, and said,

"Look at this little child you men who have been disputing about having high places. If you are kind to this little child, and to all the little ones like it, it will be the same as if you had been doing great works for me.

Now these disciples were very much surprised to hear Christ say this. For it seemed to them such a very foolish thing to receive a little child like that. It looked to them as if there ought to be greater work than that for them to do. "Any body could take care of babies," they said. But Christ persisted in saying, "If you do not do this, you are none of mine. If you receive not the child, you receive not me, and if you receive not me, you receive not him that sent me."

Do you know children who is meant here by "him who sent me?" Who was it that sent Christ?

You are all ready to answer that it was God who sent Christ. And now you see how great a truth is taught in this lesson.

Any one who receives one little child — and by receiving it, is meant, — takes the little child in a way to bless and make it good and happy, has not only received that blessed Saviour, who is the most perfect of all spirits, to be welcomed to our hearts; but is also receiving the Spirit of the great God, for it was, as you say, God who sent Christ to us, to be our Saviour and the Saviour of the world.

Now dear children, if you love this Saviour, think how beautiful it was of him to commend you thus to the care of his disciples. He puts you in this way right beside himself in the matter of deserving.

Think of this, and strive to love him very much. Be kind and obedient to these teachers who are Christ's disciples, and who are trying in what they do for you, to receive and deserve the commendation of that blessed Saviour, who is their and your Redeemer. They are receiving you in His name and in the name of the Father who sent Him.

Charade.

My first and second you will meet
On Broadway, when you walk the street—
So nice, so trim, so superfined,
Yet most ignoble of his kind;
My third and fourth roams o'er the sands,
In distant Afric's desert lands—
So brave, so strong, so grand and free,
The noblest of his kind is he.
My whole in early spring is seen
On sunny meadows, broad and green;
On lawns, fair palaces before,
Or peeping in the poor man's door.
No gold from California's mine
Can half so bright or purely shine,

—*The Guiding Star.*

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